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THE TEMPLE OF INTEREST.

THE

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OF

INTEREST,

A

POEM.

Inſcribed to his Grace, the Lord

PRIMATE

OF ALL

IRELAND.

DUBLIN:
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30
59
MAY

THE TEMPLE OF INTEREST.

NOW bluſh'd the Morning, with a ſofter Dawn,
And Infant Spring had tripp'd acroſs the Lawn:
Her genial Breath was felt in ev'ry Gale,
And Nature ſmil'd an univerſal Hail!
Creative Fancy's Prime: while now ſhe takes,
The ſtartled Slumb'rer Partner of her Freaks,
Leads him, where gilded Scenes promiſcuous riſe,
Built in the Air, or painted on the Skies.

Born

Born on the Morning's Beam, the Wanton play'd,
And laid me faſt by *Leixſlip*'s lovely Shade;
Where o'er his hoarſe Caſcades the *Liffey* ſweeps,
And Surges whiten from their glaſſy Steeps.
Progreſſive Muſick floats along the Flood,
Swells in the Grott, and trembles thro' the Wood.
Sweet was the Landſcape, Pleaſure ſmil'd around,
And coyly beckon'd to each diſtant Ground.
My raviſh'd Boſom rival Beauties toſt,
And in the fair Variety was loſt.
Preſageing Awe thro' all my Senſes thrill'd,
As ſome Divinity the Circuit fill'd:
O'er hallow'd Ground my ſtealing Footſteps trod,
And Motion faulter'd at th' approaching God.
The Proſpect bright'ning, lo! (*) a Form appear'd,
Which, Cedar-like, her heav'nly Stature rear'd;
Peculiar Elegance of Air and Dreſs,
By Turns invited and forbad Acceſs.
Awe mark'd her Movement, and her Look declar'd,
A Bloom immortal, tho' not unimpair'd.
A (†) golden Timbrel in her Hand ſhe bore,
Her beauteous Brow a white Tyara wore,
A lucid

(*) The Genius of *Ierne*.

(†) Harp.

A lucid Veſtment from her Shoulders flow'd;
The Work divine it's various Texture ſhew'd.
There wounded Liberty reviving lay,
And *Boyn*'s fam'd Flood ran purple to the Sea.
There *Ceres* bloom'd, tho' at her Stores repin'd,
Her Fields (*) neglected, and her Realms confin'd,
Reproach'd the tardy Ox, and idle Hind.
Indignant Currents murmur'd o'er the Plain,
Eager to mix their friendly Floods in vain;
Nature to *Art* her lucky Strokes diſplay'd,
And pointed out, "*Here*, Siſter, lend your Aid
"*Here* guide my Channels, *there* my Streams
"command,
"'Till one united Commerce bleſs the Land.
"Explore my Treaſure, and improve my Coaſt,
"Nor be my happy Efforts baſely loſt."
There wav'd *Ierne*'s (†) Pride; a jocund Crew,
The blew-capp'd Harveſt from the Furrows drew.
Blythe Maidens carol'd to the purring Wheel,
One rear'd the Diſtaff, one the tortuous Reel.
Noiſy the Loom, the Shuttle flew amain,
And from it's Entrails fed the flaxen Plain.

Stretch'd

(*) In Alluſion to the Neglect of Tillage. (†) Flax.

Stretch'd on the Green here lilly Streamers lay,
Kiſs'd by the ſpouting Show'r and whit'ning Ray.
On blooming Wilds ſat Induſtry enthron'd,
And fruitful Waſtes her pow'rful Influence own'd:
Beauties profuſe around her Garment flow'd,
And MADDEN's Name in various Colours glow'd.
Fix'd on the lovely Object as I ſtood,
Her Splendour ſicken'd with a paſſing Cloud;
A changeful Glory o'er her Viſage play'd,
Joy's Sunſhine ting'd with Sorrow's paler Shade;
Puzzled her Gait; now motionleſs, now ſlow,
In all the various Attitudes of Woe.
Penſive ſhe ſtretch'd beyond the rural Scene,
Her Looks attentive to a diſtant Plain.
I follow'd pitying; when my wond'ring Eyes
Beheld a monſtrous, ſhapeleſs, Fabrick riſe;
The Baſe uncertain, and confus'd the Style;
A Cone invers'd appear'd the awkward Pile.
A ſlender Column prop'd the ponderous Dome,
And on it's Summit frown'd a ſurly Gloom:
Akeing to Sight it lean'd, and headlong now,
Immediate Ruin threaten'd from it's Brow.

So on the Beach the Wave-worn Mountain ſtands,
With ſap'd Foundation, on deſerting Sands;

The

The Billows ruſh tumultuous to the Shore,
To mix their Thunder with the Ruin's Roar;
The frighted Mariner inceſſant plies,
The lab'ring Oar, and ſwift Deſtruction flies.
Hard of Acceſs, recluſe the Structure lay,
And horrid Thorn ſurrounding, choak'd the Way.
Nor Bounds, nor Shape it held, but to my View,
Still chang'd it's Form, and ev'ry Moment grew.
Each jaring Part on ſplendid Ruins rais'd,
With borrow'd Features incoherent blaz'd;
The mimick Strokes of *Græcian* Beauty fail'd,
And *Gothick* Rudeneſs thro' the work prevail'd.
The bungling Artiſt labour'd, to refine,
On antique Schemes, and ruin'd the Deſign:
The Freeze, the Cornice joſtled to take Place,
Order their Aim, yet murder'd ev'ry Grace.
Diſtorted Emblems on the Walls appear'd,
And crouded Paintings o'er the Surface glar'd;
In Eaſtern Pomp a ſculptur'd Tyrant reigns,
And kneeling Slaves admiring lick their Chains.
The factious Chiefs of *Greece* emboſs'd are ſeen,
And *Cæſar* bending to th' *Ægyptian* Queen.

Jugurtha here with conqu'ring Treaſure fraught
And greedy *Rome* ſtood ready to be bought.
Heroes of Old for Deſolation fam'd,
High o'er the Dome in golden Cyphers flam'd.
As o'er the various Pile my Fancy rowl'd,
Sudden I ſaw a narrow Gate unfold:
Faſt by the entrance, Guardian of the gate,
An hundred-handed, (†) eyeleſs Figure ſat.
With Pride ſupreme the Haughty Idol towr'd
And Sway Tyrannick in his Viſage lowr'd.
A blaze of Luſtre burſt on ev'ry Side,
And gay Confuſion revel'd far and wide.
Here dwindled Fame, a Pigmy Stature wears,
Spoil'd of her Trump, and robb'd of Eyes and Ears;
And *there* a Maid, whoſe Party-colour'd Hues,
Proclaim'd her Trade; the proſtituted Muſe.
Who tunes her Voice, to ſound the Villain's Name,
And damn his Mem'ry to a Guilty Fame.
O'er bleeding Spoils Gigantick Figures ſtood,
And *Cromwell* crimſon'd with his Country's Blood.

Here

[†] *Plutus*, the God of Wealth.

Here Civil *Strife* in ſanguine Colours rav'd,
And *Fooliſh Faction* by it's ſelf enſlav'd.

High in the Centre on a flaming Throne,
The Godddeſs INT'REST all Refulgent ſhone,
Her riſing Stature heav'd, her gath'ring Frame,
The Form, without the Faculties, of Fame.
Her maſſy Seat two hideous Monſters rear'd,
[†] Their Names at Courts and Senates moſt
rever'd.
A Golden Deluge at her Foot lay pour'd,
Herſelf Devouring, and by turns Devour'd.
Treaſure immenſe recounted, and untold,
As at her Shrine the World was bought and ſold.
The Temple ſhook! obedient to th' Alarm,
Unnumber'd Troops from various Quarters ſwarm.
Thick, as when ſummon'd at th' appointed Time,
The *Tribes* of *Paſſage* ſeek a diff'rent Clime;
For Flight equip'd they ſtretch acroſs the Main,
The Shores re-echo to the clam'rous Train.
Loud and importunate the Hurry preſs'd,
And at the Portal each his Suit addreſs'd:
Excluded Some, and Some Admittance find,
As Plutus will'd, and to the Throne conſign'd.

[†] *Corruption* and *Bribery*.

So Venus Son the golden Paſſport ſhew'd,
And croſs'd the Barriers of the drear Abode.
Now round the Throne are mingled Murmurs heard,
With ardent Looks and plyant Bow preferr'd.
Each on his Neighbour's Heel intruſive trod,
To catch the Smile, or wait the gracious Nod.
Slander and Envy painted ev'ry Face,
And mutual Friends are joſtled out of Place.
Their Pleas tho' diff'rent, their Requeſts the ſame,
And Good, *the Publick Good*, is all their Theme.
The Pow'r Superb, as Gold, or Caprice ſways,
With undiſcerning Hand her Gifts diſplays;
Bleſſes her poor Idolaters, while They,
To Merit place the Favours of the Day.
Forth march'd the *Stateſman* charg'd with high Command,
Pow'r in his Nod, and Honour in his Hand.
But now he enter'd modeſt, free, and brave,
And now returns a *Viſir* and a Slave.
Thro' deaf'ning Shouts a *Sage* all dutious paſs'd,
He ſmil'd and bow'd, while Crouds his Footſteps grac'd.
Of *Tax* he reaſon'd, and his *Country's Good*,
He took a *Place* but now to ſqueeze her Blood.

A *Mitred*

A *Mitred Bulk* there buſtled thro' the Croud,
His Looks were haughty, and his Heart was proud.
How hard his high Commiſſion to fulfill!
The Lawn was forc'd upon him 'gainſt his Will.
Av'rice and Pride lay basking in his Eye,
Nor car'd, did all the Chriſtian Virtues dye.
A *Beardleſs Youth* juſt from his Mother woo'd,
The Art of War compleatly underſtood.
In Plumes and Lace the *pretty Hero* prates,
Of Siege and Battle, and of Marlbro's Feats.

Amazement roſe at Gifts ſo ill beſtow'd,
Where ev'ry Wearer reel'd beneath his Load.
Cloſe to my bright Companion of the Scene,
I preſs'd to learn theſe Wonders of the Plain.
The gracious Pow'r diſplay'd a piteous Look,
And ſighing, thus *Ierne's* Genius ſpoke.
" Thou youthful Partner of this pleaſing Shade,
" Let ſordid *Int'reſt* ne'er thy Breaſt invade.
" You ſee the ſhameful Mart, where all for Gold,
" *Virtue* and *Life* and *Liberty* are ſold.
" Where all for wretched Gain my Children run,
" Tho' by the Purchaſe ſure to be undone.
" My bright Rewards miſplac'd, and baſely giv'n,
" To Souls without one Virtue under Heav'n.

" Scarcely

" Scarcely within a Reformation's Reach,
" No Dangers warn them; No Examples teach.
" Blind to themſelves and to *Ambition's* Power,
" To diſunite them firſt, and then devour.
" What e'er of *Patriot* Flame, my Sons cou'd
boaſt,
" Sleeps with their Fathers, and with *Swift* was
loſt.
" O Glorious Title once! now empty Sound,
" And but in Greek or Roman Annals found.
" Thus ſhall it be, whilſt yonder *Lordly Pile*
" O'erlooks the Land, and triumphs in our Iſle.
" By impious Hands aſpiring, till o'er grown,
" Some Roman Spirit tears the Fabrick down.
" Contending Vot'ries thither bend the Knee,
" And few, how few! that ſacrifice to me.
" Small Incenſe paid to feed my languid Fire,
" My Altars periſh, and my Flames expire:
" Yet here within this fair ſequeſter'd Bow'r,
" I ſeek the Fortune of an happier Hour.
" Pour all my Grief, my friendleſs Cauſe reveal,
" Where Powr's to help me, and a Heart to heal.
" *One* early rais'd to an exalted Sphere,
" And form'd for publick, and for private Care.

" In

" In pompous Phraſe, let vain Pretenders boaſt,
" Who trueſt love me, and who ſerve me moſt;
" *He* faireſt bids to act an honeſt Part,
" Who ſpurns unrighteous *Mammon* from his Heart.
" That deadly *Bane* the warm Affections chills,
" Freezes the Breaſt, and all that's gen'rous kills.
" Meekneſs and Grace, who rav'ning Paſtors fly,
" Shine in his Preſence, ſhelter in his Eye.
" His ſilent Worth no *Obloquy* ſhall ſtain,
" And Envy waſte her bitter Shafts in vain.
" A train of Years ſmiles hov'ring o'er his Head,
" And waits the Bleſſings, which his Hands ſhall ſhed.
" He ſhall protect, my mangled Rights defend,
" At once my *Champion*, *Patron*, *Prieſt*, and *Friend*.

She ceas'd prophetick, and now brighter grown,
She bade addreſs the Muſe to Prelate ST-NE.

FINIS.

30
59
MAY